The National Tribune.

"TO CARE FOR HIM WHO HAS BORNE THE BATTLE, AND FOR HIS WIDOW AND ORPHANS."

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RELEASE OF PRISONERS

Terrible Scenes of Suffering During the Last Days.

MANY DEATHS FROM COLD

How the Sight of the Flag Affected the Boys.

SOME WERE DEMENTED.

The Bravest Gave Way and Cried Like Children.

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THE fortunes of my life had made me a participant in stirring events and a witness of thrilling scenes. Born within a few miles of Niagara Falls, I had often in early youth stood on the cliff and looked into the river beneath as it bounded away in braiding billows of foam through the rock-bound gorge to Ontario. I had listened in awe to the deep thunder of the cataract and gazed in dumb wonder upon the majestic picture framed in the splendor of a rainbow.

I had seen a beautiful city in flames, and mothers with their children weeping amid the ruins of vanished homes, and had seen the ocean in its wrath from the deck of an imperiled ship.

As a soldier I had witnessed victory and defeat in the campaigns of McClellan, Pope, Burnside, and Hooker; and had seen an army corps surprised, and in the full tide of rout and panic, amid bursting shell and showering bullets, before the cheering and charging lines of Stonewall Jackson a few hours before he fell in front of my regiment at Chancellorsville.

As a wounded prisoner at Gettysburg, I stood behind Pickett when his division melted away in my sight in the consuming blaze from Hancock's line, and saw Cemetery Ridge fringed with the waving banners of the cheering Union victors.

I marched as a captive with Lee's retreating train through the mountain pass at midnight beside the wagons filled with shrieking wounded, amid a fierce storm and crashing thunder, when the vivid lightning revealed only to the struggling men and

"THERE IT IS!"

beasts the narrow and perilous road that overhung the deep mountain gorge; while the wind howled through the bending pines like lost souls and hosts of pursuing demons.

But none of these scenes, vividly as I recall them, ever thrilled and touched me with such depth and power as did the release of the Union prisoners, in which I participated and witnessed, in a North Carolina meadow, on the 1st day of March, 1865.

Fortune and fame would have rewarded the artist who could have painted that picture, or the pen that could fittingly describe it.

The days of the Confederacy were numbered, and a general exchange of prisoners was decided upon. But hope seemed to have died out in the hearts of the Union captives so utterly that little credence was given to the assurances of the Confederates that

THEIR LIBERATION WAS AT HAND,

notwithstanding the fact that a marked change in the demeanor of the guards and their officers was manifest during the last fortnight of February.

Yet, amid all this suffering and despair, there was no faltering in their love for the Union nor a whisper of diminished faith in its ultimate triumph. Unconquerable love of country and faith amid unspeakable sufferings was the crowning glory of the Union prisoners.

Those who had their hopes awakened by external signs about them gave them no tongue, but jealously secreted them as if possessed by some superstitious fear that speech might banish the blessing for which their souls were wildly thirsting and which they felt by some undefinable instinct was hovering near.

They moved about like mute specters among each other; a spark of pity seemed at last to have entered the hearts of their jailers.

The guards relaxed their vigilance and conversed with freedom and some approach to humanity with the poor, defenseless creatures. There was now, indeed, little need of guards, for not more than a Corporal's guard of them had sufficient physical strength have walked to the Federal lines, if every sentinel had been withdrawn.

The guards began to let the captives approach their paths, and even to pass beyond them to get purer water, and began to hand them tobacco and bread from their haversacks, like real battlefield soldiers. The Angel of Peace had whispered to friend and foe. The "dead-line" had vanished forever!

In the last few days of February the prisoners of Andersonville, Florence, Salisbury and Millen broke camp, and boarding freight-trains and open platform-cars, usually a hundred to a car, started towards Goldsboro and Raleigh.

The Union officers who had arrived a few days before at Charlotte, from the prisons at Columbia, where they had spent the Winter, were also put on board freight-trains and started North.

Opinion was about equally divided between them, as to whether this was to be a journey to liberty or to another prison.

The assurances of the Confederate commandant that they were really on their way to be exchanged was by many, whose hearts were sick from deferred hope, interpreted as a ruse to prevent attempts at escape while in transit to other prisons.

But the unusual civility of the Confederates toward us, and the lax manner in which the train seemed to be guarded, sent "exchange stock" higher than it had touched for a year; and although none dared to acknowledge their hopes, it was impossible to conceal the deep excitement which

EVERY BRIGHTENING EYE

betrayed, and which was consuming every heart.

At Goldsboro the train on which I was with 1,400 Union officers halted for a few hours, and here at daylight several long trains of platform-cars arrived at the depot packed with our poor fellows, from Salisbury, Florence and other points. The night had been keen and frosty, and it was impossible to tell whether the shivering and almost-naked specters were white men or negroes.

Our guards permitted us to approach them, and we scanned their wild faces in search of acquaintances. My brother was among them, and I repeatedly passed the platform-car on which he was without recognition, as I discovered next day.

They could hardly answer our questions intelligently, or articulate more than to piteously appeal to us for a piece of cornbread or a bone, or anything; or to let them warm themselves a bit at some fires we had built outside the depot.

The officers promptly made way and ranged the sufferers around the fires, gave them bits of their own rags, and gathered fragments of bread, which they craved, but could not masticate, with their swollen gums and their teeth loosened by scurvy. A very few had hats or shoes. Some kind women and men of the town brought milk, and we fed the weakest with spoons. Many had died during the cold night's ride, and I and others took the dead from among the dying on the open gravel-cars.

A humane Confederate officer, to whom I applied, gave me permission, with a few comrades, to carry a number of the dying to the boiler-room of an old saw-mill, some distance outside the guard's line, simply on our promise to return.

The proprietor of the mill, a kind-hearted man, readily allowed us to arrange the poor fellows in easy positions before the cheery fires, with bits of blankets, old clothes and some straw under them. Those who could not speak expressed their gratitude in smiles and looks of pathetic and mute eloquence. We pressed their hands and then left them —and forever!

Next morning (March 1) the long trains started toward Wilmington. I was with the officers in the advance train, and while I live I shall remember the strange, oppressive silence of the men as the train approached the Union outposts, a large white flag floating over the locomotive. There were several stops for water and for other purposes, and during these delays the faces of the men was an interesting study of speechless and keen agony, for the stop of a few minutes only

BROUGHT COLD PERSPIRATION

to their foreheads and put pain in every heart; and once, when the locomotive backed the train for a distance, a cloud of despair settled over them like a pall, and a silent but fervent prayer trembled upon the lip of every mute sufferer. Conversation was affected at times, but it was a dismal failure. One hope and thought possessed their souls, and that none dared to utter.

The day wore on upon leaden wings, and the train seemed to be creeping like a snail. At last it rounded a curve in the woods and entered a broad meadow, which was bordered on its eastern edge by a tall pine forest. On entering this opening the locomotive slackened speed, snuffed like a horse scenting a hidden danger, sent up a shrill whistle, and stopped!

A prisoner in our crowded freight-car, with wild eyes and a face that revealed his agitation, rose, trembling, to his bare and bruised feet, and tottering to the door, clutched its side and looked out ahead. Every eye was on him, as he held his throat with the other hand, and bounding into the air, as I have seen men do in battle when struck with a bullet, he screamed three words that electrified every heart and brought the weakest to their feet: "There it is!"

We crowded to the door, the sentinels gave way, and we leaped to the ground in a tangled heap. Yes, thank God, there it was —the Stars and Stripes!

One piercing scream of joy went up from the famished multitude as the men bounded and fell out of the doorways of the cars, and tears streamed down every stained and worn face as the beloved banner of the Union, so long hidden from them, floated in full beauty and majesty from the top of a tall pine.

Another minute and a quick, eager eye caught another sight, and again a wild shout rang over the meadow.

"THERE THEY ARE!"

Yes, thank God! Out from the tall pines a troop of men, wearing the loyal blue, came at a quick-step, their bayonets flashing, and an officer leading them toward us!

Some of our poor fellows, demented by their long trials, not understanding what it all meant, but with the old instinct of escape upon them, took advantage, in the cunning of insanity, of the negligence of the sentinels—who now paid no attention to guard duty—and hid in ditches or crept under the cars, and ran as fast as their bare and bruised feet would bear them in the direction of their old prisons. The strongest of the prisoners chased and brought them back without assistance from the guards, who were now mingling with the captives and bidding them a kindly good-by.

Other trains followed, and soon a countless multitude of blackened, hatless and barefooted skeletons in rags and with wild eyes swarmed out of the cars, the strongest carrying those who could not walk. All were ordered to stand and await the preliminaries in progress. The guards left us, and, led by their commanding officer, started to meet the Union detachment approaching in the meadow.

They met, halted, and facing each other, presented arms in military courtesy, and came to an "order arms," leaving a lane 15 feet wide between them. The opposing commanders shook hands, conversed aside a few minutes, and drew pencils and books from their pockets. The eager captives were eyeing these ceremonies in a fever of excitement. The Confederate officer raised his hand and beckoned them to advance. Each man, clasping the hand of some weak comrade, moved forward, and silence fell over all, as if conscious that they were treading hallowed ground.

As I re-entered our car to recover some trifle, I observed a young soldier lying on the floor, where his comrades, in their wild excitement, had forgotten him. At first I thought he was dead, but his eyes looked beseechingly into mine as I came to his side. He was a boy, apparently not more than 16. He was in rags, barefooted, and a mere skeleton. In answer to my question his thin lips moved, but his tongue could give no utterance. I remembered now that he had been put in our car at Raleigh, and was said to be an Andersonville prisoner and a New York soldier; but no one knew his name; his prison acquaintances, if he had any,

WERE PROBABLY ALL DEAD.

I bent over him and told him we were exchanged, that our flag and troops were in sight, that we were going home, and he must go with me. I would carry him to Wilmington. The feeble smile that lit his face and the light of reason that came into his great blue eyes told me touchingly that I was understood and thanked.

Accustomed as I was to witnessing death in all its most dreaded shapes, on battlefield and in prison, the thought of seeing this boy die now, pierced me to the heart, as my very soul seemed to hear the appeal of his far away mother; and I resolved that at least he should not die a prisoner.

I picked the boy up tenderly—his weight was not more than a child's—and a sentinel helped me reach the ground with him.

Meantime the prisoners began to pass through the lane between the Union and Confederate troops, and as I bore the poor boy through this gate to liberty the eyes of the Union soldiers glistened with tears, for all could see he was near the end.

As the prisoners passed the point of release in the meadow, they broke into a run, those who could run, and streamed in screaming hundreds to the woods, on entering which a colored regiment was drawn up to salute them. They were the first colored troops I had ever seen, and as the prisoners tottered by them in their rags, tears were on their dusky cheeks.

Friendly hands had reared an arch over the road, and in leaves and evergreens we read the words, "Welcome, Brothers."

The released prisoners soon increased to thousands, and as they tossed away their rags and threw their wrecked hats into the air, the forest rang with their screams of wild joy. The band was playing the National airs, and the strongest men and the bravest, who had never faltered at the cannon's mouth, now gave way and

BOWED TO NATURE'S MAJESTY.

They embraced the trees and kissed the ground, and falling upon their knees the sufferers raised their skeleton arms above them, and with eyes streaming with tears sent up an impassioned thanksgiving to God, as did the delivered tribes of Israel.

Some good genii that day seemed to have hung Aladdin's lamp over our rags; we had only to touch it and the earth blossomed with blessings, and Heavenly mercy seemed descending on the freed captives as the gentle dew on Zion.

Above them the flag of their country waved welcome to the wanderers; a flood of thoughts came thick and fast upon them, and their hearts were leaping wildly in their breasts. Already sweet visions rose before them; already their homes were in sight. The sweet melody of their children's voices, and holy sounds of peace and home fell on their ears, and wives, mothers, and loved ones were waiting at the gate.

'Tis sweet to hear the honest watch-dog's bark,
Bay deep-mouthed welcome as we draw near home;
'Tis sweet to know an eye will mark our coming,
And look brighter when we come.

In pathos that scene beggars description, and can live only in the memory of its witnesses. I carried my poor burden to the margin of the woods, and laid him tenderly down under a tall pine, from whose top the Union flag was floating full to the breeze, and where the unknown boy might see it wave its benediction over its dying defender.

A few comrades joined the sad little group and knelt. We were not long delayed. I held his little thin hand, and a prayer was said, and thus on liberty's bright edge, with his failing eye resting on his country's flag, somebody's darling lay! The angel of death touched his cruel fetters noiselessly and tenderly; they fell, and his immortal spirit mounted to its eternal freedom!

As I looked into the tear-dimmed eyes of brave men that day, the words of the sweet old song came to my memory with their truth and power as never before:

Go watch the foremost rank in dangers dark career;
Be sure the hand most daring there has wiped away a tear.

We followed the road like a disorganized mob; no one seemed to be in charge, but soldiers in the camps that we were constantly passing pointed us in the direction of Wilmington, and soon it came in sight.

There was a group of prisoners who in the different prisons had been my most intimate companions, and several of them had shared with me in the

PERILS AND PRIVATIONS OF FIVE ESCAPES.

Those whom I shall here name had but a week before escaped with me by running the dead-line at night from the prison camp at Charlotte, under the fire of the sentinels. None of our party were hit, but a bullet through my blouse-collar showed a close escape. One poor fellow on the same night, in making the attempt to escape, was shot and killed. His bride hearing of the prospective exchange, was awaiting him at Wilmington, and a Chaplain, braver than the rest of us, broke the news to her, while the rest pitied and avoided her.

My immediate companions were Lieuts. Wm. Bierbower, 87th Pa.; Eugene Weeks,

"AND THUS ON LIBERTY'S BRIGHT EDGE."

67th Pa.; Capts. Harry G. Dodge, 2d Pa. Cav.; George L. Schell, 88th Pa., and Wm. H. Nash, 1st U. S. Sharpshooters.

This group formed a subject for which a painter might have sought in vain within the range of civilization. We had all retained the staffs used to help us through the swamps in our late escape, and our appearance collectively suggested the witches in Macbeth. Whoever has seen Charlotte Cushman in the character of "Meg Merilles," would have seen her picturesque costume outdone in that of Bierbower. Weeks's chief covering consisted of half a blanket, which he boasted had gone through the Mexican war. The number and size of its holes invited from Dodge the observation that the rebellion had gone through the blanket. Dodge wore on his head the rim of a Confederate hat, and his long, light hair floated in a fantastic plume through the crown; his pantaloons resembled, in their varied patches, the ruin of a crazy-quilt. He had on one foot a broken shoe of immense size, while the opposite leg was hidden from view in the top of a tall cavalry boot, but as there was no foot whatever to it, we all suspected that he retained it simply as a fond memorial of his cavalry service.

Schell had no hat at all, his head being wrapped in an ancient bandanna. His shoes he had made himself out of the sleeves of his coat, and having no shirt, his arms were entirely bare. The dismal remainder of the coat was secured at the throat with a piece of rope, which gave one the impression that he had just escaped a lynching as a witch.

Nash, who was the tall man of the party, had months before, in some unknown way, come in possession of a pair of tight riding pants, several sizes too small for him, the bottoms barely touching his knees. He had on his feet an old pair of carpet slippers, and as he had no stockings or underwear, and had a hood made from a piece of an army blanket on his head, and the part of a gray jacket clinging to his shoulders, he would have easily protected a farm from devastation by crows. As for myself I was

A POEM IN RAGS.

I had the mere remnant of the Summer blouse and pantaloons I had worn when captured at Gettysburg 20 months before. The sleeves of the blouse I had long since sacrificed to make stockings, and now my feet were covered only with the sleeves of my old red flannel shirt. Strings and wooden skewers kept my tattered raiment clinging to my frail form, for I had not one button in my entire wardrobe. I wore on my head the rim of a chip hat, and what was left of my old flannel shirt which I clung to desperately. It had now no sleeves, and from my frequent and unskillful washing it had shrunk to such a degree that persons at a short distance might easily have mistaken it for a coral necklace. Since it was of no visible use except for my sore throat, I was openly accused by my friends of wearing it for mere style.

If my mother had met be then I had no apparent means of convincing her that I was her son, except possibly by my vaccination marks. Thus our group entered Wilmington on the first day of March, 1865.

Several thousands of the released prisoners had preceded us. As we walked on, without any fixed destination, in the middle of the street, soldiers and citizens gazed on the tattered multitude from the sidewalks and windows. None of us presumed to walk on the sidewalk among clean and civilized people; we kept in the middle of the street and trudged aimlessly, homelessly and happily on.

Suddenly from a group of soldiers and citizens on the sidewalk I heard my name called, and looking up saw a citizen approaching me with extended hand. Instantly to my joy I recognized Mr. Wm. Cutter, formerly the Sutler of my regiment. How he knew me he could hardly explain himself, as he surveyed me in my torn costume and dismal plight.

In a few words he gladdened me with the information that he was now the proprietor of a large store, where he said I could get anything "from a needle to an anchor," and pay for it when Uncle Sam paid me, that solid old relative being then in my debt for nearly two years' pay as a Lieutenant. He insisted that I should go with him forthwith and be

SCRUBBED, CLOTHED AND FED,

and restored to some semblance of a Christian. I gratefully accepted his kind offer only on condition that my destitute companions might share in my fortune. To this he cheerfully assented, and after presenting them severally we followed our friend toward his store, keeping at a respectful distance that kept him laughing the entire way.

We entered the store, a substantial three-story brick building filled with soldiers making all kinds of purchases, and saw at once that the extent and variety of its commodities fully justified his description. We pushed our way to the back of the store, where a clerk proceeded to take our measures for neat, blue fatigue suits, shoes, hat and all. This done we were led up stairs to Mr. Cutter's private apartments and given "something to warm us."

After a merry chat a stout and smiling colored servant entered, and, bowing, electrified us with the announcement: "Gemen, yo' baffs is ready!" A bath! Clean clothes! Our dinner ordered! The steamer at the dock to take us to Annapolis next morning, where two years' pay and a 30 days' furlough awaited us. It was too much for poor tramps to have crowded upon them in one day. We melted under it and cried again, bit our fingers, stuck ourselves with pins to be sure this was not another of those visions of sleep that had so often been moulded from our longings and illumined those fearful prisons only to fade in despair.

We followed our dusky guide to the upper loft, which was unoccupied save by some miscellaneous storage. There was a large tub for each of us two-thirds full of water in a tepid state, and beside each was a chair on which was laid a pile of good rough towels and a generous chunk of castile soap! I smelt the soap, fondled it and had a powerful impulse on me to eat it.

Several more servants entered and laid our new clothes out on the floor. The outfits were complete, including underclothing, neat shoes, stockings, handkerchiefs, etc.—even toothbrushes were not forgotten. Our names were pinned to our property.

There was an abundance of good running water in the room, and we were told "not to be afraid of wetting the floor." The colored man swept our pyramid of rags out of the back window and they were promptly set fire to. He then left us with the assurance that we would not be disturbed. We bolted the door, gave three cheers and "went in."

But, as the novelist would say,

"LET US DRAW A VAIL OVER THIS SCENE."

If the reader thinks this is giving undue prominence to so ordinary a thing as a bath, let him put himself in our place and bear in mind that such a bath was to us no ordinary thing, but a blessing rich and rare, and to ignore it in this narrative would be base ingratitude.

When, in half an hour, arrayed in our new suits we came down to Mr. Cutter's room, where he awaited us with "something to take the chill off," he pointed us out with pride to several Union Generals who had called in "to see a man."

Here the fragrance of preparing dinner reached our senses and made us quickly lose interest in the conversation. But our kind host was not quite done with us, and our dinner would be ready in three-quarters of an hour. He led us down the street a couple of squares and into a neat barber-shop, where in a few minutes each of us were given a chair. Our long locks were neatly cropped; we were shampooed, polished with stiff brushes and combed until our scalps fairly glowed, and in a few minutes more we stepped into the street looking like nabobs and fragrant with cologne.

We started back towards Mr. Cutter's, passing on the way several groups of our late fellow-prisoners, who, being still in rags, made way for us and gazed after us in a puzzled way and with a vague impression that they had seen us before. It seemed to us that these men had never looked so utterly poverty-stricken as now. We returned the salutations of those who recognized us with proper courtesy, but as we had an engagement we did not encourage extended conversation.

We had gone but a little distance when I recognized Lieut. John Davidson, of the 6th N. Y. H. A., who had been with me in every prison, and he was now accompanied by an emaciated and blackened specter in tatters.

Leading him forward, Davidson said: "Do you know this comrade?"

As I looked at the poor wreck, a strange instinct, rather than any external sign, told me, in spite of dirt and rags, that I knew that face and form; but before my study was completed the voice that pronounced by name revealed to me

MY BROTHER PATRICK.

He had, unknown to me, been wounded and captured the year before, and had suffered at Danville, Salisbury and Florence while I was in other prisons. He was my eldest brother, and was a private in the 5th Mich. This was my first meeting with him since an hour before the battle opened at Gettysburg, where he had bade me good-by, his unvarying custom on the eve of a battle. He was indeed a sad wreck. I could not, however, induce him to return with me to Mr. Cutter's store, to be provided for like myself, preferring, he said, to wait until he reached Annapolis, for which place he was to leave by steamer that evening. I got him to accept some money and refreshments, however, and promising to meet me at home soon, he went off radiently enough, enjoying a good cigar, which could ever make him happy.

Poor fellow! The cruel marks of his captivity and severe wounds were afterward carried to his grave.

As each of us stood there on the happy day of our deliverance, we little dreamt that our dear young brother Thomas had died at Andersonville six months before. Perhaps it was a merciful ignorance that spared us that one day of happiness in our soldier lives.

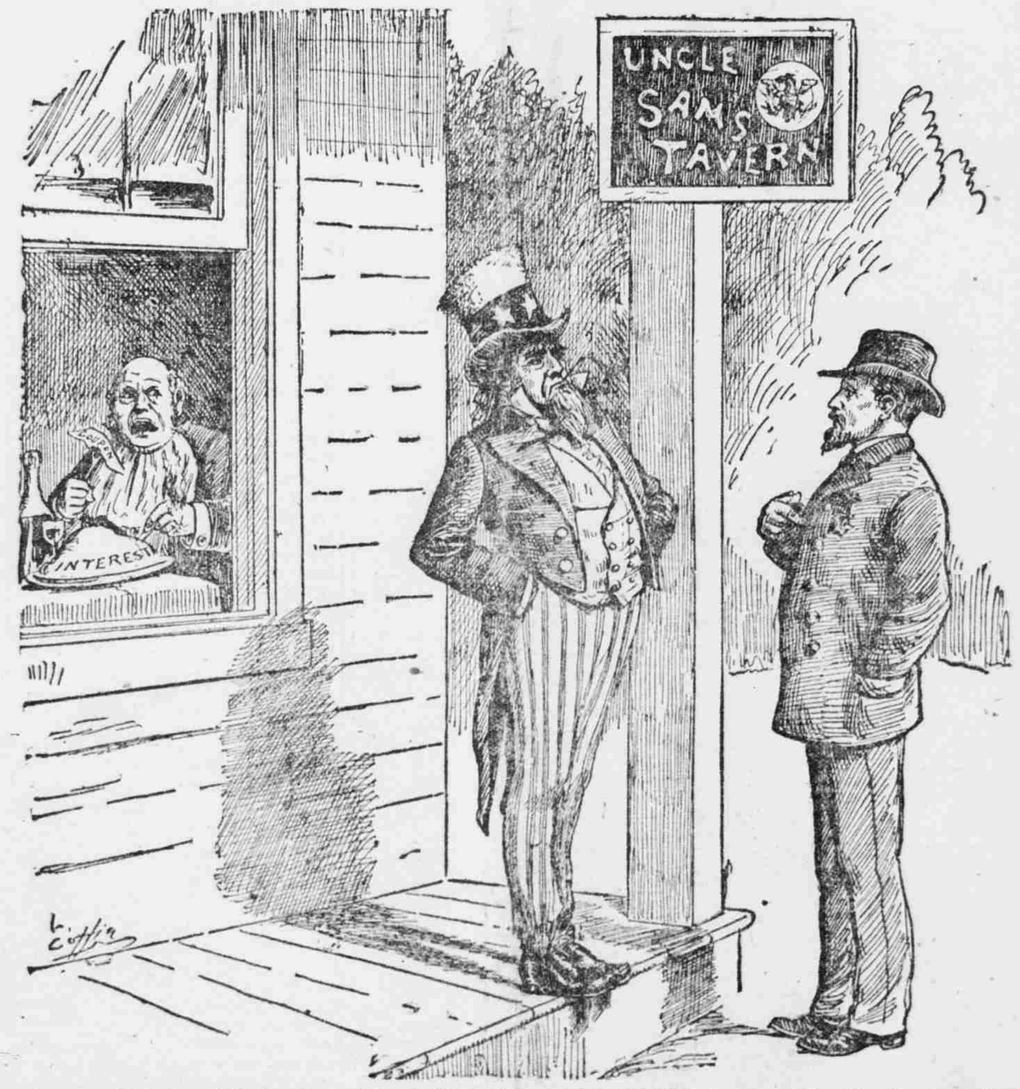
Our transformed party now returned to Mr. Cutter's store and were taken upstairs to his private dining-room and seated around a large circular table. A door opened, and the aroma that assailed our senses was positively overpowering. Heaven only knows how welcome it was to men who had known the pangs of ceaseless hunger for so many dreadful months. We were surveying the white table-cloth, the napkins, the bright knives, shining glasses and dishes, and several general officers had asked as a special favor to be allowed to remain in the room and see us eat that dinner. It was soon borne in by waiters and laid smoking hot before us,

A GLORIOUS BANQUET.

How can I hope to describe that banquet! I will not desecrate the delightful memory of it

(Continued on 2d page.)

HOW MUCH LONGER SHALL HE WAIT?



VETERAN: Look here, Uncle Sam, I've waited patiently for 25 years, while that fellow has been stuffing himself with the fat of the land. Isn't it about time that I had a seat at the Nation's table?

A GREAT RESOLVE.

A Story of Love and Superstition.

IN THE SPECTRAL FOREST.

Abigail Begins Her Duties as a Servant.

DETECTIVE WORK BEGINS

Andrew Morton Appears again Upon the Scene.

BY OLIVE LOGAN.

CHAPTER X.

IN less than 20 minutes they had left the last board and brick of Thebes' modest architecture behind them. By dint of constant traveling over the same path the Rosinantes which drew our Donna Quixota in search of adventures had become so familiar with their duty, that without direction from the driver they instantly made their way toward Spinney's Wood.

With what mingled feelings of pain and excitement did Abigail view their entrance into the forest, whose deep shadows had not fallen on her since she returned from her last visit to New York! Never had she known such happiness as at that time! She was betrothed to a man whom she loved with an ardor indescribable in words, unpaintable by description. Willard Chapman was the first, the only man who had ever courted her. Her lack of beauty had not attracted lovers; the frigidity of her manner had even repelled them. But music is a goddess of miraculous power. The wand of this sweet divinity had made captive both their hearts.

With joy Abigail had looked forward to informing her father of the new condition of affairs. She was not prepared for the irresponsive attitude with which he greeted her advances; nor for the outburst of anger, followed by a hard proposal, which had formed the culmination to Willard's last visit at the house.

Respecting Clara's disappearance, in company with Chapman, Abigail was distracted between two surmises. At one moment she was of opinion that it was a mere childish freak; at the next, she deemed it a hideous sin, in which her own happiness for life was engulfed.

Yet mere self-love weighed down the balance in favor of the former hypothesis. Clara might possibly have heard that her uncle, the circus man, was at Stockton, and had been seized by one of her irrepressible desires to go visit him. She had no money, and had begged Willard to pay her way as far as Stockton. He had agreed to do so; and meanwhile had deemed it best, to quiet gossip, to tell the people at the American Hotel that

THE PRETTY LITTLE GIRL WAS HIS SISTER.

The more she thought of it the more she was convinced that this was the true solution of the problem. Still—why had not Willard written to tell her of all this? Had

ABIGAIL FINDS THE HANDKERCHIEF.

the chief actor in the little comedy been herself, how quickly she would have communicated the whole affair to him! Must she confess, however unwilling to do so, that there was a difference of degree of intensity in their loves? Had the moment arrived when, from the depth of her own experience, she must acknowledge the truth of Byron's well-known lines:

Man's love is of his life a thing apart,
'Tis woman's whole existence.

Sadly reflecting on the extreme probability of her lover's unfaithfulness to his rigidly-plighted vows, she leaned back in her seat and covered her face with her hands. Then she thought of her father! Her poor father—what would he think when he came down to breakfast in the morning and found her gone? Why should he perforce suffer because, primarily, of the insubordination of the bond-girl whom he almost despised? But that is ever the consequence of sin. Its widening circles spread unceasingly, and as with a whirlpool's eddies engulf the unsuspecting and the guiltless in their rippling snares.

The 'bus was crowded. Several of the passengers were known to Abigail, and save for her disguise they must have recognized her. She averted her face from them, but such a precaution was needless. The apparel in which she had endued herself was a complete mask to her identity. One of the gentlemen was a Theban, accompanied by his wife and daughter —people whom she met commonly every day or so. She trembled, fearing they must discover whom she was. But they did not. Their perception was blunted by that complete inattention with which rich people regard the presumably poor, with whom they may be